

The Du'a of Faizah

Written By: Umm An-Nu'man

Designed by: Abdul Hameed

Illustrated by: Umm Hanifah



DARUSSALAM



In Faizah's backyard there was the most wonderful garden she could ever wish for. Her father worked in a gardening shop during the week but every weekend he would get his spade, hoe, and a bag of soil out of the garage. He always took time to care for his garden at home. He would spend a long time cutting the weeds out of the garden so they wouldn't choke the roots of the flowers. If that happened the flowers couldn't get enough water and they would die. After he cut all of the weeds out of the garden he would dig holes in the ground and dropped seeds inside of the holes. Very carefully, he would cover the seeds with soil and put a little bit of water on them. Sometimes he would just go outside and look at his flowers. He would take the petals gently between his fingers and caress them. Then he would look around and say,

Alhamdulillah. Haadha min fadli Rabbee.





Faizah was allowed to play in the garden when her father was working in it. Some days, after she finished her homework, her mother would take her out to the garden and they would have a tea party. They would bring the fuzzy light blue blanket Faizah's grandmother had given her for *Eid* and spread it on the grass under the big oak tree. They would put the tea pot, the tea cups and a plate of goodies/delicacies on the blanket. Sometimes Faizah would help her mom make sandwiches and her mother would cut them into circles, squares and triangles. They would bring those to the tea party too. After the tea party Faizah would skip around the garden, stopping to smell each flower. Her father taught her how to touch the flowers and she was very careful to be very gentle with them.



